

"LIVES OF GREAT MEN ALL REMIND US," &c.

Now that nations live as sweethearts in a long, unselfish peace,
And the harmony of statesmen's lives is making them obese,
Readers, pull yourselves together; let *your* private quarrels
cease.

Since the Teuton and the Saxon are so happily at one
And the *Dreadnought* competition is only carried on for fun,
Let there be no further sparring 'twixt the father and the
son.

Let the mother and the daughter live in unison together,
Since our Sea Lords and our Admirals are linked in friendly
tether
And agree on every point that might be moot, except the
weather.

As our Ministers and Suffragettes are walking paw-in-paw,
And the least reproach of either gets the other on the raw,
So let each of us embrace with zeal his least beloved in-law.

Let the snowballs of our combatants be innocent of stones,
Since the Lords address the Commons in such amiable tones
And all possible contention is deceased for lack of bones.

Now that URE and BALFOUR love to take each other's word on
trust,

And the Stock Exchange and LLOYD-AP-GEORGE would share
their final crust,

And the Vinci-men and Lucas-ites have gone upon the bust,—

Let us likewise keep our private disagreements in subjection
And so re-arrange our feelings that the General Election
Be a universal pageant of our general affection.

Ungallant Journalism.

"In the next compartment was the wife of a prominent politician,
off to the Riviera. Her husband, seeing her off, looked wistfully after
the train as it pulled slowly out of the station with its heavy load."—
Daily Mail.

Well, as long as no names are mentioned it's all right.

A young Greek woman of the dangerous name of *MARIKILLI*,
having stabbed a man severely at Bacos (where the local races
are presumably held), was sentenced, according to *The
Egyptian Gazette*, to

"three months' imprisonment only to take effect if she commits
another crime."

"One woman, one free stab." Nevertheless, we warn
Clement's Inn against trusting to the motto, "One woman,
one free punch."

Metamorphosis.

The pretty picture of a lady's face in *The Daily Dispatch*
bears above it the legend:—

"BRIDE OF RUGBY'S NEW HEAD."

Mr. Punch presents his compliments to the Bride of Rugby
and records his opinion that, if a new head was really
necessary, she could not have chosen a better one.

THE LIB-LAB LEAGUE.

[A moderate Liberal addresses a member of the Labour Party.]

GIVE me your so-called horny hand
Here in the enemy's sight;
'Tis well to wear a genial air,
But do not squeeze too tight;
Press me a little, palm to palm,
And not with all your might.

Give me your horny hand, I say,
And you may guess what for;
It is to oppose the common foe's
Designs upon our gore;
I should not love you, mate, so much,
Only I loathe him more.

Strange fellowships, in fact, are those
Our passing needs devise;
But, should we come back from the scrum
Big with the victors' prize,
We can arrange to readjust
Our temporary ties.

Frankly, I do not hold with your
Iconoclastic views;
At times I trace a certain grace
In things that you abuse;
You are too much upon the make,
And I've too much to lose.

You'd have all forms of property
Crippled without redress;
While I would not attack the lot
With equal heartiness;
I simply want to paralyse
The sort I don't possess.

You look upon the House of Lords
With murderous intent;
I'd raise its tone up to our own,
And might indeed consent
To serve that end by being made
A Peer of Parliament.

I'd have the Navy not too big;
You'd have it far too small;
For you the soil of men that toil
Requires no frontier-wall;
While I am really, in my bones,
A patriot, alter all.

These confidences kindly keep
In petto (in your breast);
Meanwhile I'll sing that tasty thing,
"The Land-Song," by request;
I'll join your hooligan brigade
And bellow with the best.

But afterwards—well, that can wait;
Let rivalries be mute
As hand-in-hand, a brother-band,
We step to the martial toot.
Who knows? We may be spared the pain
Of fighting over the loot. O. S.

"His disappointment was keen, yet in after days he looked upon that evening as the date on which he burst from the chrysalis and became a caterpillar."—*Grand Magazine*.

And the date lower down in his calendar, with the *two* red lines round it, marks the occasion when he finally burst into an egg.

LETTERS TO A MARTIAN.

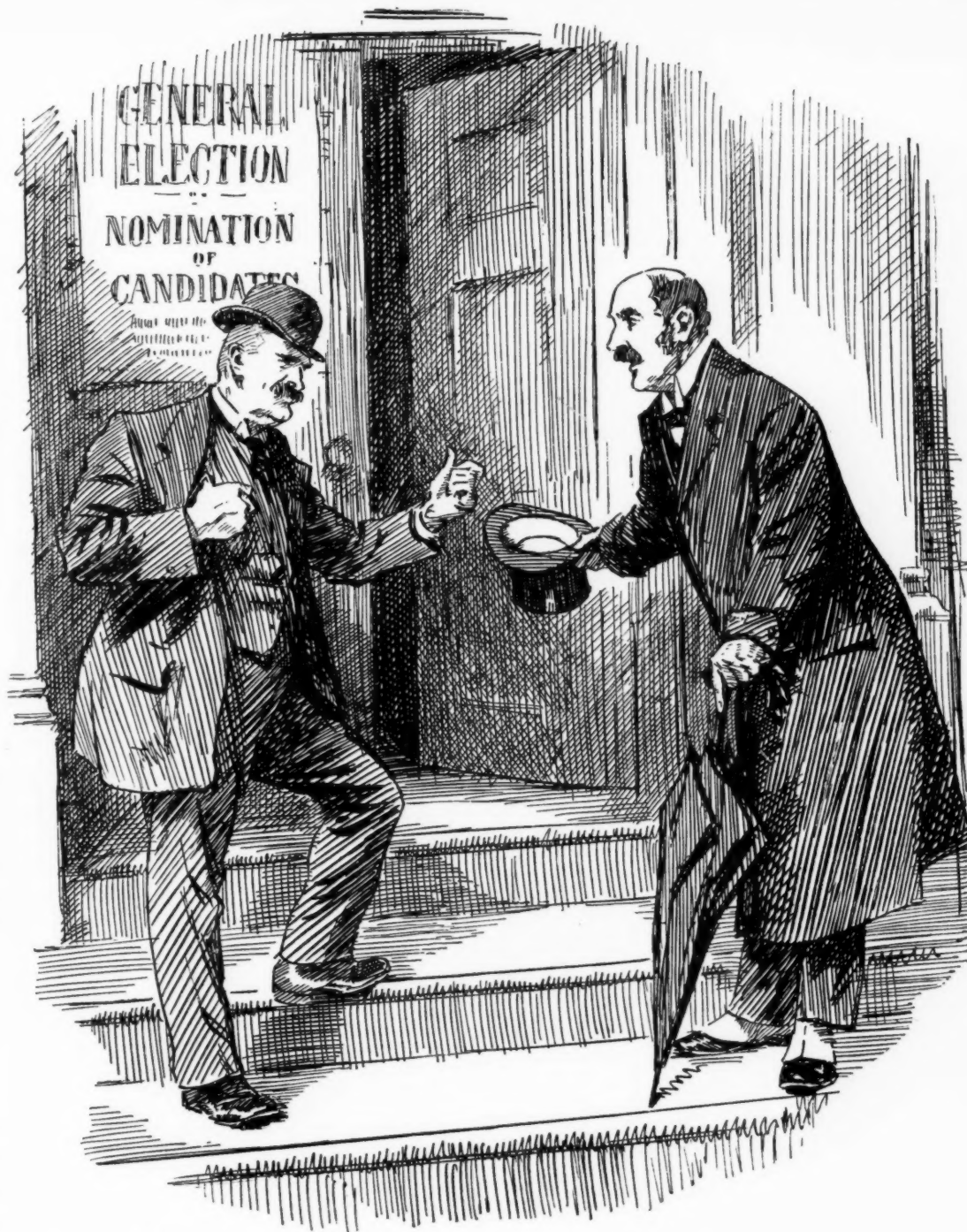
MY DEAR SIR,—Since all the world here is talking and writing about political affairs, and since, as I suspect, you are not interested in the iniquities of the House of Lords or the multifarious and ever-changing virtues of Tariff Reform, I shall not afflict you with my views on these sublime matters. I propose instead to tell you something about a dog who has recently joined my family circle and now rules it as a dictator.

When I speak thus about a dog your imagination will conjure up I know not what gigantic canine specimen—a St. Bernard tramping majestically over the lawns, a Deer Hound with a delicate step and muscles of steel set to a gear of almost incredible speed, a noble and massive Newfoundland, or a Great Dane, statuesque, deep-voiced and magnificent. Banish these sedate and glorious pictures of size and power from your mind's eye. My latest dog is not of that sort. He is, in fact, one of the smallest of the canine kind, a Pekinese spaniel of high quality and lengthy pedigree. It is true that Mandarin—for by that name he is summoned through the house and across the wintry wastes of the garden in which he takes his lordly pleasure and his exercise—it is true that he is only eight months old, and he will grow, but his increase cannot be great. His mane will doubtless develop and his tail will become more thickly feathered, but in most other respects he appears to be already a fully-formed dog with his coat of red-brown fur, his long body shaped in miniature on a leonine model, his curved inch or two of front legs, which he lifts, in walking, with an unconscious sort of arrogance, and his absurd face with the domed forehead, the black and bulging eyes and the ridiculous fierceness of his eminently turned-up snout, through which he snores on occasion an obbligate of disjointed tenor notes.

A more grotesque and fascinating object never moved about on four legs or imagined himself to be a terror to domestic cats. Indeed, the curiosity of the cats in regard to Mandarin is insatiable. Evidently they cannot believe—why should they?—that he is a genuine dog. I have seen two of them follow him closely along the garden paths, sometimes darting ahead, concealing themselves behind bushes, and then springing out upon him *à l'improviste* to test his dog-hood and his courage. Whenever this happens he is unappalled. He makes at the intruder with a perfectly dauntless gallantry. His eyes gleam with the joy of battle; he pricks his ears, curls his tail on high and hurls himself at the foe, and the humorous cat always plays into his paws by galloping away or clawing herself swiftly up a tree. His nose has been scratched only once.

With the larger dogs of the neighbourhood he is on terms of a somewhat haughty familiarity, never abasing himself by lying on his back and waving his paws in the air, or by grovelling and cringing, but always bearing himself serenely and even defiantly in their presence. To see him, when engaged upon a cutlet-bone, furiously growling off a St. Bernard of some eleven stone to a respectful distance, is a tremendous lesson in animosity and pluck. We have a Great Danish lady who is devoted to him and lets him gnaw her ears or tug her tail without a murmur. Withal he is the most submissive and affectionate friend to the little girls whom he acknowledges as his mistresses, reserving for them the treasure of an immeasurable and almost pathetic adoration.

How profoundly changed is his lot from that of his ancestors. They spent their little span of life in the halls and corridors of a Chinese palace. Lying at ease on silken embroideries or pit-patting over floors of curious wood, they accepted the endearments of almond-eyed beauties or listened to the strange intrigues of supple courtiers, in whose ample sleeves a little dog might sometimes sleep. What

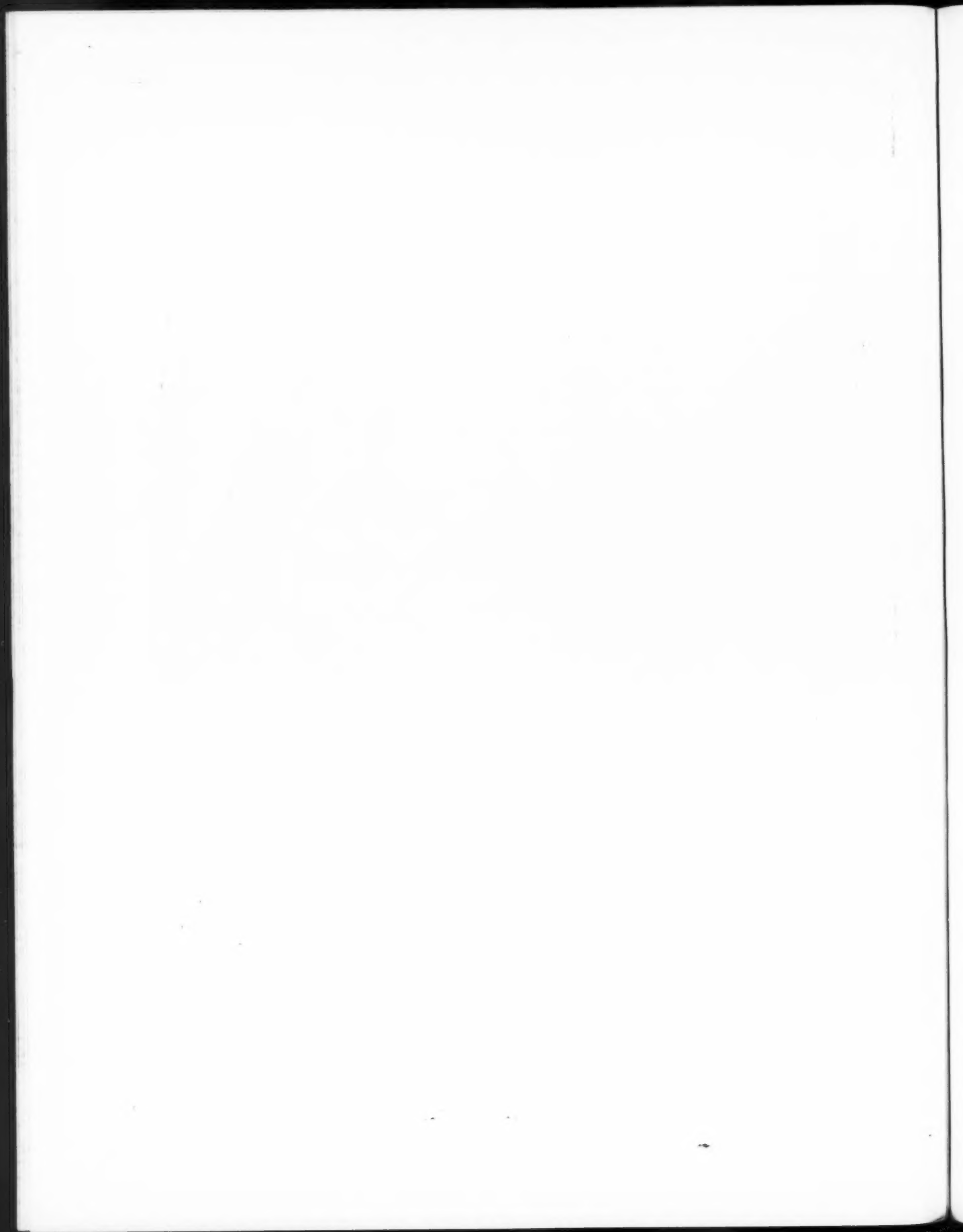


J. Ravenhill

LEST WE GET LEFT.

LIBERAL CANDIDATE. "ON THE DISTINCT UNDERSTANDING THAT THIS IS NOT TO BE REGARDED AS A SIGN OF LASTING AFFECTION, I AM PREPARED, IN THE FACE OF THE COMMON FOE, TO GIVE WAY TO YOU."

LABOUR CANDIDATE. "SAME HERE."





POLITICS FOR THE MASSES.

Orator. "TAKE THE FIGURES, FORTY-THREE MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-THREE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND SIXTY-TWO IN 1906, AND SUBTRACT THIRTY-NINE MILLION FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SEVEN IN 1907, ALLOWING 1.27 PER CENT. FOR INCREASE OF POPULATION. GENTLEMEN, YOU CAN DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS."

Enlightened Audience. "EAR, 'EAR!"

ambitions, what deceits, what queer and crooked policies aimed against ill-scented and overbearing foreign devils by impassive Mandarins might they not have revealed had nature granted them the hateful gift of speech? But, as it was, they ate their portion of rice and remained silent and discreet and beloved. And now this latest and not least honourable scion of their ancient race has become in the vicissitudes of time the darling of a little band of fair-haired, frank-eyed English girls, the pursuer of cats through an English garden, and the nocturnal inhabitant of a sort of Gothic cathedral in wickerwork in the bedroom of an English house. And, since no whisper of that imperial palace whence his great-great-grandparents came has ever reached him, he seems fairly well contented with his lowlier dwelling and his humbler friends in the land of the Barbarians. He never yaps and his manners are beautiful.

Yours, A CHINOPHIL.

"This comes hopping."

"The 10th Infantry Brigade is a very different thing from a crowd of 3,000 young men in khaki. When it marches, all its 6,000 legs move as one."—*Daily Mail*.

Go it, ye cripples!

A LITTLE BANK-JOKE.

[The following advertisements are, no doubt, a counterblast to that of Farrow's Bank, Ltd., who offer to send a new game, "Farobank," gratis to all who make application for it on certain conditions.]

How to LIVE TO BE 200. We present illustrated Life of Old Parr to first thousand applicants. Send p.c. to Parr's Bank, Ltd.

ABSOLUTELY FREE!! Six lovely picture postcards, suitable for our young folk, will be forwarded to all who send name and address to Desk Q, Child's Bank.

Do You find the evenings long? Then send two penny stamps and we will post you our latest novelty, "The Old Lady and the Needle." Roars of laughter! Endless amusement! Address, The Governor, Dept. Z, Bank of England.

SEND TO-DAY; to-morrow may be too late! We are giving away signed photos of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to all who apply to Lloyd's Bank.

Complete works of ELINOR GLYN may be had by fulfilling a few simple conditions. Just the reading for the family hearth during the holidays. Apply GLYN, MILLS & Co.

THE RABBITS.

[Second Series.]

CHAPTER I.—ONE OF THE PLAYERS.

"Do I know everybody?" I asked Myra towards the end of dinner, looking round the table.

"I think so," said Myra. "If there's anybody you don't see in the window, ask for him."

"I can see most of them. Who's that tall handsome fellow grinning at me now?"

"Me," said Archie, smiling across at us.

"Go away," said Myra. "Gentlemen shouldn't eavesdrop. This is a perfectly private conversation."

"You've got a lady on each side of you," I said heatedly; "why don't you talk to *them*? It's simply scandalous that Myra and I can't get a moment to ourselves."

"They're both busy; they won't have anything to say to me."

"Then pull a cracker with yourself. Surely you can think of something, my lad."

"He has a very jealous disposition," said Myra, "and whenever Dahlia—*Bother*, he's not listening."

I looked round the table again to see if I could spy a stranger.

"There's a man over there—who's he? Where this orange is pointing."

"Oranges don't point. Waggle your knife round. Oh, him? Yes, he's a friend of Archie's—Mr. Derry."

"Who is he? Does he do anything exciting?"

"He does, rather. You know those little riddles in the Christmas crackers?"

"Yes?"

"Yes. Well, he doesn't do those, because he's an electrical engineer."

"But why—"

"No, I didn't. I simply asked you if you knew them. And he plays the piano beautifully, and he's rather a good actor, and he never gets up till about ten. Because his room is next to mine, and you can hear everything, and I can hear him not getting up."

"That doesn't sound much like an electrical engineer. You ask him suddenly what amperes are a penny, and see if he turns pale. I expect he makes up the riddles, after all. Simpson only does the mottoes, I know. . . . Now talk to Thomas for a bit while I drink my orange."

Five minutes elapsed, or transpired (whichever it is), before I was ready to talk again. Generally, after an orange, I want to have a bath and go straight off to bed, but this particular one had not been so all-overish as usual.

"Now then," I said, as I examined the crystallized fruit, "I'm with you in one minute."

Myra turned round and looked absently at me.

"I don't like it," she said to herself.

"That's all right, you aren't going to have it. The green ones are for me."

"Can you eat that and listen to something serious?"

"I'll try. . . . Yes, I can eat it all right. Now let's see if I can listen. . . . Yes, I can listen all right."

"Then it's this. I've been putting it off as long as I can, but you've got to be told to-night. It's—well—do you know why you're here?"

"Of course I do. Haven't I just been showing you?"

"Well, why are you here?"

"Well, frankly, because I'm hungry, I suppose. Of course I know that if I hadn't been I should have come in to dinner just the same, but— Hang it, I mean that's the root idea of a dining-room, isn't it? And I *am* hungry. At least I was."

"Stave it off again with an almond," said Myra, pushing them along to me. "What I really meant was why you're here in the house."

This was much more difficult. I began to consider possible reasons.

"Because you all love me," I started; "because you put the wrong address on the envelope; because the regular boot-boy's ill; because you've never heard me sing in church; because—stop me when I'm getting warm—because Miss Fortescue refused to come unless I was invited; because—"

"Stop," said Myra. "That was it. And of course you know I didn't mean that at all."

"What an awful lot of things you don't mean to-night. Be brave and have it right out this time."

"All right, then, I will. One, two, three—we're going to act a play on Saturday."

She leant forward and regarded me with apprehension.

"But why not? I'll promise to clap."

"You can't, because you see you're going to act too. Isn't it jolly?" said Myra breathlessly.

I gave what, if I hadn't just begun the last crystallized greengage, would have been a scornful laugh.

"Me act? Why, I've never—I don't do it—it isn't done—I don't act—not on Saturdays. How absurd!"

"Have you told him, Myra?" Dahlia called out suddenly.

"I'm telling him now. I think he's taking it all right."

"Don't talk about me as 'him,'" I said angrily. "And I'm *not* taking it all right. I'm not taking it at all."

"It's only such a very small part—we're all doing something, you know. And your costume's ordered and everything. But how awfully sporting of you."

After that what could I say?

"Er—what am I?" I asked modestly.

"You're a—small rat-catcher," said Myra cheerfully.

"I beg your pardon?"

"A rat-catcher."

"You said a small one. Does that mean that I'm of diminutive size, or that I'm in a small way of business, or that my special line is young ones?"

"It means that you haven't much to say."

"I see. And would you call it a tragic or a pathetic part?"

"It's a comic part, rather. You're Hereditary Grand Rat-Catcher to the Emperor Bong. Bong the Second. Not the first Bong, the Dinner Bong."

"Look here, I suppose you know that I've never acted in my life, and never been or seen a rat-catcher in my life. It is therefore useless for you to tell me to be perfectly natural."

"You have so little to do; it will be quite easy. You have to approach the Emperor very nervously—"

"I shall do the nervous part all right."

"And beg him to spare the life of his mother-in-law."

"Why? I mean, who is she?"

"Miss Fortescue."

"Yes, I doubt if I do that part so well. Still I'll try."

"Hooray. How splendid!"

"A rat-catcher," I murmured to myself. "Where is the rat? The rat is on the mat. The cat is on the rat. The bat is on the cat. The—"

"Mr. Derry will go through your part with you to-morrow. Some of it is funnier than that."

"The electrical engineer? What do they know about rat-catching?"

"Nothing, only—"

"Aha! Now I see who your mysterious Mr. Derry is. He's going to coach us."

"He is. You've found it out at last. How bright green sweets make you."

"They have to be really bright green sweets. Poor man! What a job he'll have with us all."

"Yes," said Myra, as she prepared to leave me. "Now you know why he doesn't get up till ten."

"In the rat-catching business," I said thoughtfully as I opened the door, "the real rush comes in the afternoon. Rat-catchers in consequence never get up until ten-thirty. Do you know," I decided, "I am quite beginning to like my little part."

A. A. M.

Muscular Christianity.

"He served as a curate at Lower Brixham, and held the headmaster of Lower Brixham school, from 1880 to 1884"—*Torquay Directory*.
Break away!



TRAGEDIES OF A SIMPLE LIFE.

THE HARD-WON BATH.

LITERARY SELF-VIVISECTORS.

IN preparing a new and complete edition of her novels, with introductions describing the circumstances in which they were written, Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD has set a precedent which will shortly be followed in more thorough-going fashion by her famous *confrère*, Mr. Halley Coraine. To each of his epoch-making and soul-devastating romances Mr. Coraine will contribute an introduction of 250 pages, giving full details of his mentality both before, during, and after, the throes of composition. Special features will be (a) an exact reproduction of the temperature chart of the author when he was approaching the climax of each work, (b) a faithful record of the diet on which he subsisted, and (c) a complete list of the number of tears shed by him during the elaboration of the more tragic passages.

Thus it will be found that when dictating the terrific *dénoûment* of *Tin Gods* Mr. Coraine's temperature went up to 107, while his pulse could not be counted. *Tin Gods*, it will be remembered, is a tale of Cornwall, and was mainly composed on St. Michael's Mount, which Mr. Coraine rented for the summer at the fabulous price of 500 guineas a week. It was written on a diet of plover's eggs and Jerusalem artichokes, washed down by draughts of ketchup and ammoniated quinine, and in a special costume designed for the author by Sir LAWRENCE ALMA TADEMA. An antique peplon draped his opulent torso, his locks were confined with a classic fillet, and his nether man was garbed in a pair of accordion-pleated knickerboons.

Peculiar interest attaches to the new and biographical edition of *The Purple Emperor*, which will contain no fewer than thirteen photographs of Mr. Coraine as he appeared at different stages of the work, in which the strain on his physique is painfully illustrated. Thus while engaged on the famous poisoning scene, in which Cardinal Spaghetti pours prussic acid into the Emperor's *fine champagne*, Mr. Coraine's weight went down to 8 st. 11 lbs., and he was only enabled to complete his task by constant resort to oxygen and a special brew of shandy-gaff compounded of sparkling Moselle and the strongest audit ale. *The Purple Emperor* was partly written in a portable Swiss chalet (which Mr. Coraine obtained permission from the King of ITALY to erect on the summit of the Mole of Hadrian), partly in the catacombs, but mainly in the beautiful Byzantine pagoda in the grounds of the novelist's castle in the Scilly Islands. Before its publication he was interviewed eleven days running for eleven different papers by the famous

publicist, Mr. Roland Begthwayt, and all the eleven interviews are now reproduced in the Introduction, together with photographs of Mr. Begthwayt playing temperance bridge with Mr. and Mrs. Coraine and Lord "Billy" Scilly, the youngest son of the Marquis of Mullion.

The Introduction to *The True History of Sarah Lunn* tells at great length the arduous exertions undergone by the author in the quest of the fitting local colour for this poignant recital. Mr. Coraine not only spent six months at Bath making historical investigations, but worked for eight weeks in a biscuit factory at Reading to master the technique of confectionery. He then took several trips to Grindelwald, Norway, and the Greek Archipelago with Dr. LUNN, to glean authentic information from the most distinguished descendant of his heroine before writing a single word of the narrative.

The illustrations include a charming three-colour print of Mrs. Coraine at her tea-table; a snapshot of Mr. Sheenymann, Mr. Coraine's publisher, diving into the sea at Blackpool; a view of the Pump Room, Bath; a sketch of Dr. LUNN steering a bobsleigh at Montana; and a pastel of Mr. Coraine singing *Sally in our Alley* to the pianola accompaniment of Mr. Begthwayt.

THE PASSING OF ROMANCE.

["The English cow has lost the pleasing atmosphere of interest and charm which rightly belongs to her—an atmosphere made up of buttercups and three-legged stools and milkmaids."—*Country Life*.]

Time was, if intra-mural
Delights began to flag,
I rhapsodized the rural,
And packed a carpet bag.
I left the lures of London,
And, pining for the plough,
Made many a brief but happy jaunt
To study in her native haunt
The captivating cow.
I took (three bob the fare is)
A ticket to a scene
Where damsels decked the dairies,
The daisies graced the green.
Mid buttercups and beauty
I seldom failed to feel
The "lowing herd" proceed to wind
A spell around my simple mind,
Like packthread round a reel.

But gone are all the features
That used to charm me then;
The cows are common creatures,
The milkmaids mostly men.
The bovine brings no longer
A joy, however brief,
But, mooing in her native mire,
She merely moves me to inquire,
"How stands the price of beef?"

HOW TO COPE WITH CHRISTMAS INVALIDS.

(By a Specialist.)

THE difficulty of amusing the modern invalid is greatly enhanced by the complexity of the modern temperament, and can only be surmounted by great patience and ingenuity. Much, however, can be done by judiciously harmonising the treatment with the peculiar exigencies of the sufferer.

Take, for example, the case of the luckless individual debarred by illness from lunching, dining or supping at his favourite restaurant. For such as these an excellent thing to tempt the appetite is to clothe the patient in fancy dress. For breakfast in bed a Japanese kimono and motor goggles make a most exhilarating combination. Beef-tea, again, never tastes half so sweet as when it is sucked through a narghilé. Here appropriate local colour can be secured by placing a tarboosh on the invalid's head and disguising the nurse in a yashmak.

Again, if the sufferer is an Alpinist, nothing promotes recovery so much as to lay his climbing kit—boots, rope, alpenstock, etc.—on the bed by his side, and decorate the room with edelweiss and other Alpine flora.

Music, as the faculty are beginning to admit, exercises a most beneficial therapeutic influence on most invalids. If, for example, the patient is inclined to be drowsy, a few high notes on the piccolo have a wonderful effect in dispelling somnolence. On the other hand, if insomnia has to be combated, there is no more effectual remedy than a quartet of muted strings or a *Chlorale* of BACH.

Certain Composers have a peculiarly salubrious effect on certain maladies, while others are to be carefully avoided. RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF is invaluable in bronchial affections.

On the other hand HUMPERDINCK is positively dangerous to persons suffering from German measles and mumps.

SCARLATTI—[No, I cannot bear any more of it. Ed. *Punch*.]

(Not to be continued.)

"Attempts have been made to write literary drama with the characteristics of pantomime. M. Maeterlinck's 'Blue Beard' is one."

Liverpool Courier.

You mustn't miss *Brandy and Soda*, the great cross-talk comedians, in the Haymarket version of *Blue Beard*.

"The society thereupon took the appeal to the House of Lords which has just been dismissed."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"Which is about to be reformed" would be more accurate.

A CASE FOR PROTECTION.

By A PERFURVID SCOT.

[A Tariff Reform orator, in the course of a recent address in Stirlingshire, said that he would rather listen to the music of the bagpipes than to Paderewski on the piano.]

UPOON ma soul, it's ill tae thole
Thae foreign chieft that fare
Frae a' the airts o' ootlan' pairts
Wi' awesome heids o' hair,
Wi' violins aneath their chins
Tae dae uncanny things,
Or skreigh a sang, or skelp an' bang
The box o' jinglin' strings.

Sae lang's we hae the pipes tae play
On Scotia's favoured sod,
What need hae we o' minstrelsie
Imported frae abroad?
I'm beat tae think hoo Scots can clink
Their siller down tae hear
Some chap whase fee wad keep—losh me!
A piper for a year!

In ma belief, it should be chief
An' foremaist o' oor laws
Tae fill the wame that's nearest hame,
Tae min' oor ain sea-maws,
Tae bar oor coasts tae foreign hosts
An' bid them gang tae—France;
A thumpin' tax upon their backs
Will gie oor ain a chance.

Wi' glee will then oor Hielandmen
Blaw up a mighty skirl,
A pibroch guid tae fire the bluid
An' gie the lugs a dirl;
Oor lasses stoot will a' turn oot
Their maist kenspeckle stripes,
Tae grace the day when aince we hae
Protection for the pipes!

THE PROVINCIAL EDITOR'S LETTER BAG.

IV.

DEAR SIR,—I have now waited for two weeks to see my letter in your columns; but as it is still absent even in the current number—which is, of course, owing to Christmas, difficult to fill—I am constrained to believe that you can never have received it, and therefore I have copied it out again and shall register the envelope.

Believe me, Yours faithfully,
THOMAS SCRIMGEOUR.

Enclosure.

To the Editor of "The Easterham Gazette."

SIR,—Having occasion not long ago to visit Easterham on a wet day, I was distressed to find that the two cabs which wait outside the station on the chance of getting a job were standing in the wet with no shelter from a pitiless rain. It is true that the drivers might either sit inside or stand in the booking "hall" (as it is now snobbishly called, "office" being a good enough term for



M.F.H. (at a check, riding up to Young Stranger who has been right among hounds, if not in front of them, during the run). "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT ARE YOU THE FOX?"

the same place in my youth), but the horses had no protection whatever. Now, Sir, I ask you as a humanitarian to do what you can to remedy this gross abuse. The horse is the friend of man, and should be treated accordingly. If a fund can be started for the erection of a covered shelter for these patient creatures my mite is at your service,

Believe me, Yours faithfully,
OLD EASTERHAMIAN.

V.

The Editor of *The Easterham Gazette* begs to return Mr. Scrimgeour's letter, which he does not consider of such general importance as to merit publication.

VI.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter annoys both myself and Mrs. Scrimgeour. My proposal was humane and necessary and peculiarly fitted for publication at this season of the year. Your decision seems to me more callously incompetent than anything I ever remember, and I shall not forget it. Yours faithfully,

THOMAS SCRIMGEOUR.

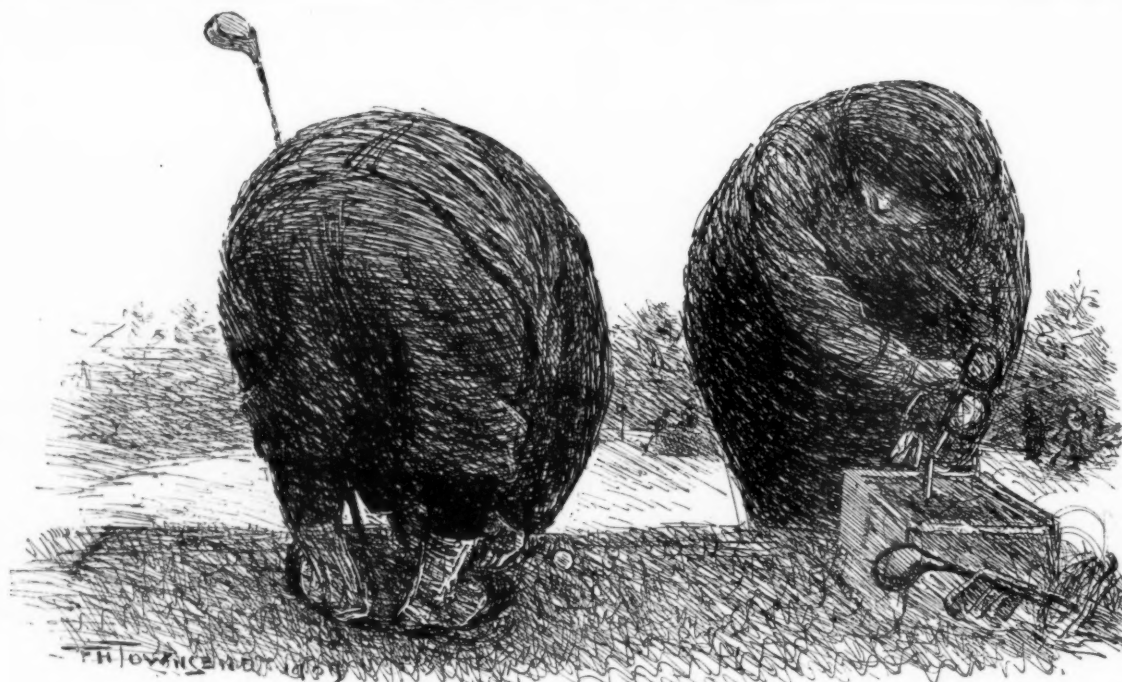
"Throughout the West all cider-makers are agreed that this year is likely to provide one of the poorest vintages known for many years. Analysis of the fruit shows a great deficiency of sugar, and the farm labourer at the press misses that stickiness so intimately associated with good cider."

You or I might head that paragraph "Sticky and Good," or "The Budget Again" — something quite ordinary. But *The Birmingham Weekly Post* is more subtle, and calls it "How a Horse Gallops."

Address on
'WAR IN THE AIR,'
by
JOHN BROWN, B.Sc.

"B.Sc.?" said the old gentleman, as he stopped to read the notice; "well, well, it's wonderful what these Boy Scouts are coming to."

Final Motto for the "Flora" bust:
Lucas et non Leonardo.



MORE GOLF JOTTINGS.

Mr. Robinson. "WHAT ARE WE?"

Mrs. Robinson. "WE'RE SQUARE."

THE COMPLEAT SPORTSMAN.

["I am not a sporting man," Lord Curzon is reported to have said at Burnley. "I have never worn what is called the pigskin."] You should see me clad in pigskin when the starter shouts, "Offside!"

And my filly takes the crupper in his teeth;
You should see me when, at Wimbledon, I chance to serve a wide,

You should see me wield the willow at Blackheath!
When I represent my County, in a foursome up at Lord's,
How the people cheer my famous anchor-stroke,
How the umpire blows his whistle when the scoring-board records

A revoke
You should hear the cries of "Blimey!"
When the mob its joy evinces,
Ev'ry time I score a stymie
In the tennis-court at Prince's!

You should see me covert-shooting, with my rifle in my hand,
And my faithful pointer, Fido, at my heel;
You should see me stalking rabbits in the marshy meadow-land,

Or exploring misty mountain-tops for teal.
How I love to track the coot or capercaillie to his hole,
Or to listen to the pheasant's plaintive pipe,
As I sit beside the river with my fishing-rod, and troll

For a snipe,
Or with catapult (discreetly
On my knees and elbows crawling)
Slay the snaffle that so sweetly
To the martingale is calling!

On the polo-field at Hurlingham I've made some record breaks,
At St. Andrews, too, I've carried out my bat;

I was *proxime accessit* in the Prince of Wales's Stakes,
And I've won a dozen rubbers on the flat.
I would often do the hat-trick, in the days when I was young,
At regattas where they put me on to bowl,
And at pyramids or curling I could always pitch the bung
Through the goal.

In the nation's sporting annals
I have held my own unbeaten,
Since I won my croquet flannels
On the playing-fields at Eton!

COLDSTREAM.

AN ELECTION ALLEGORY.

I WAS shown into the kitchen, where I found him seated in the warmest corner. "I have called," I said, "to question you about the rumour that you have been deliberately calling the——"

He held up his handle for silence. "You need not proceed," he said. "I admit it; and he *is*. If you will step through to the scullery you can see for yourself. You will find him on the gas stove. Perfectly dreadful! Soot isn't in it!"

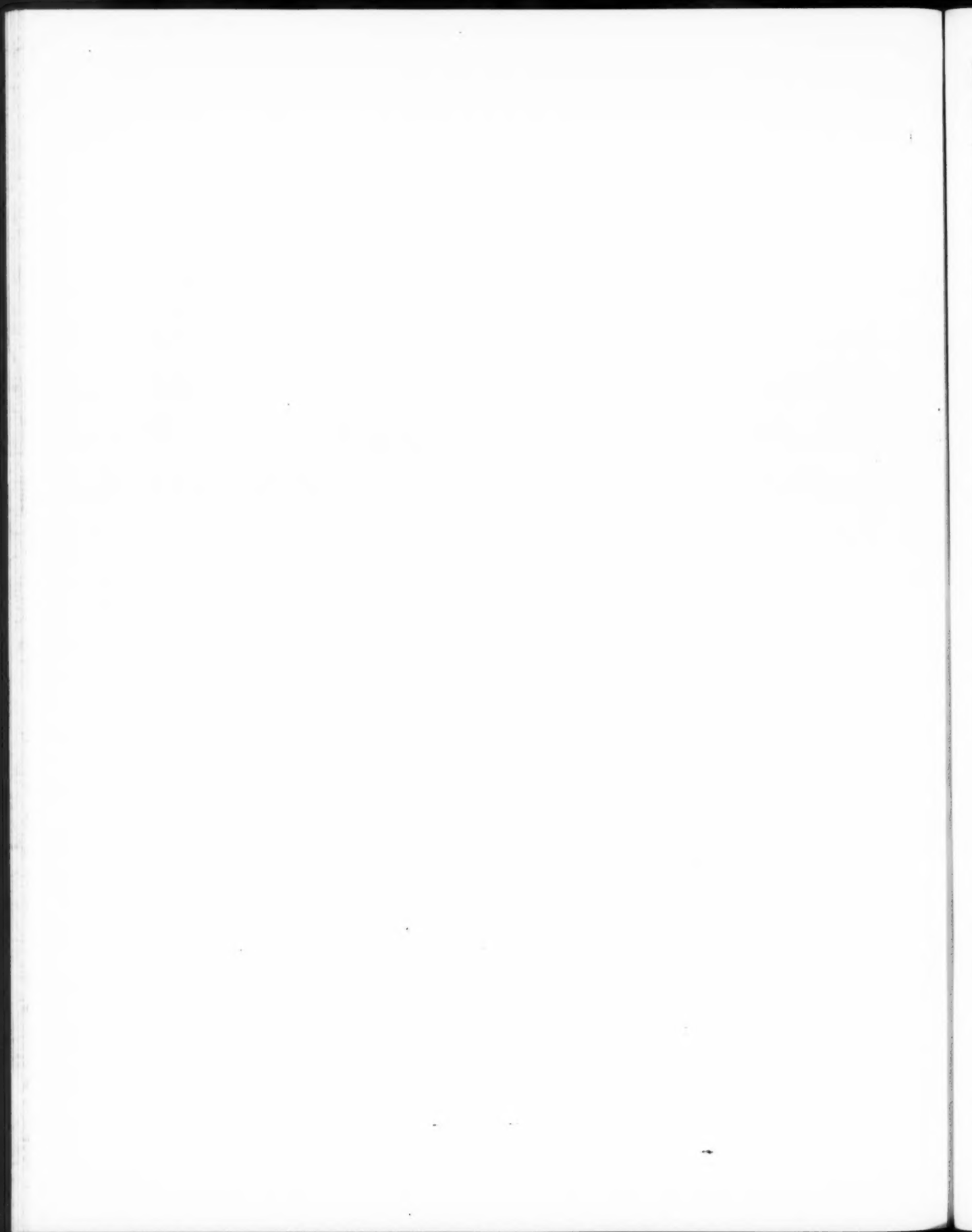
"But was it quite just, considering that you are supposed to be equally——" He waved his handle again. "It was he who began it," he said, pointing towards the scullery door. "I need hardly tell you that he is quite mistaken about my colour."

"Then if your colour is not black what is it?" I asked in wonder.

"Do you suggest that I am not speaking the truth?" he asked indignantly. "Please remember I am not a ewer. I am a pot. My colour is pure white, Sir; and I have just sent a letter to the Press which my friends will declare to be an unanswerable proof of that statement."



“EN GARDE, MESSIEURS!”





THE LLOYD-GEORGIAN ERA.—THE LAST FLICKER OF GRAND OPERA.

Mrs. Sniggs (caretaker of Grosvenor House). "OH, DO JEST LOOK, PA! THERE'S THE 'BOWOOD' LOT OVER THERE, AN' WOULD YER BELIEVE IT, MRS. BINNS 'AS GOT ON THE SAME OLD BLACK ALPACA WITH THE 'ORN BUTTONS WOT SHE WORE FOR THE PAGLIARCHI! AND THE GARNET BROOCH! WELL, I DECLARE!"

MR. PUNCH'S ADVERTISEMENTS.

AS PREMIER.—Respectable man seeks re-engagement. Excellent refs.; four years last sit. Parties (Irish, Labour, etc.) catered for.—H. H. A., 10, Downing Street.

ENERGETIC Welshman (used to handling large sums of money) wants position as CHANCELLOR. Previous exp. Applicant only giving up present sit. through employers going to country. —"The Hen Roost," Limehouse, E.

HOTEL URA.—Liberal table. Aged couples taken in *en pension*.

HANDY MAN.—Parks and gardens laid out. Estimates free. Or would not mind at a pinch taking on Prime Minister's job. —"LULU," Story's Gate, S.W.

ALL Suffragette Accessories at lowest prices. Have you seen our "Premier Persuaders?" (solid leather, gun-metal mounts).

"SLEEP comfortably in your beds" by taking McKENNA'S LITTLE NAVY

PILLS FOR NERVOUS PEOPLE. Highly recommended by Mr. ASQUITH, Lord FISHER, etc. The KAISER says, "Your Pills have been invaluable to me. I am gaining strength every day."

FOR DISPOSAL.—January 15th and following days. About 670 second-hand Seats (all British). What offers? —J. BULL AND SONS.

LOST from Party Politics two valuable qualities, answering to the names of "Truth" and "Dignity." Anyone who finds and adopts the same will (we feel sure) be handsomely rewarded.

... NIL NISI MALUM.

"WELL," I said, as the bells rang out, "I'm glad to see the end of him. He was a beast."

"*De mortuis* . . ." said someone.

"Oh, rubbish!" I replied. "This is an exceptional case. He was so bad that abuse is almost praise. One of the really great malefactors."

"Yes," they agreed, "he was."

"He was every one's foe—or nearly every one's. He had a special down on farmers and agriculturists. He hated to see them prospering. He put every obstacle possible in their way. Surely you would not have me keep silence as to that?"

"No. Oh, no."

"And games. He loathed games. I don't say that people can't be too fond of them; but he was the limit. Whenever he saw a cricket match going on he tried to stop it, and often enough succeeded."

"True enough."

"Travellers too he had a grudge against. He was never so happy as when there was a gale; and latterly he must have been happy indeed. Bad Channel crossings delighted him. He adored the sight of people drenched and ill. But there, he's dead now. Let's try and forget him."

"Yes," they all cried, rising to their feet and raising their glasses.

"And let us hope," I said, "that 1910 will be better."

And we drank the toast.

AT THE PLAY.

"ALADDIN" (DRURY LANE).

THE morning after Boxing Day, painful as it is for the reaction which it brings, might easily be worse. We might wake up and fail to find in our morning papers the annual statement, gaudily embroidered, that the Management of Drury Lane had once more surpassed itself. Happily this tragedy has never yet occurred within the memory of the oldest inhabitant; but if ever such a day should dawn for England it would be the beginning of the end, and the Germans might come as soon as they care to. There seems, however, no immediate risk; for Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS has left himself a very bright chance of improving on this year's pantomime, at any rate in the matter of novelty. It is really an extraordinary thing that Mr. WILKIE BARD should have been given no better *clou* than the old one of last year; that he should again, and twice over at each performance, be found trying to teach his audience to sing after him; and that, too, after this faded novelty has been further staled, as I understand, at a Music-hall.

Truly, a British pantomime audience is not hard to please. And to sit and watch its fat and stolid satisfaction is to understand something of that immunity from ideas, and from the very desire for ideas, which has made us, as a nation, what we are. For the stalls of Drury Lane are surely an epitome of those middle classes of which the backbone of the country is constructed. I would hazard that that quiet and observant humourist, Mr. BARD, gets almost as much fun from the study of his audience as they get from him—which means a very great deal.



A TEACHER OF SONG.

Widow Twankay . . . MR. WILKIE BARD.

Aladdin . . . MISS MARIE GEORGE.
Abanazar . . . MR. GEORGE GRAVES.

Changes seem to have come over the spirit of pantomime. One misses the burlesque of manners and vogues; one misses the Aristophanic flavour so proper to a democracy. I could only catch one political allusion (Mr. CHURCHILL was chosen for that honour), and its unique intrusion saved a very dull song about a barometer, by pretty Miss RENÉ, from being a frost. No doubt the omission is made out of deference to the impending crisis. Of bad puns there was a pleasant lack; and I was content to be spared the rough-and-tumble phase of humour. But I should have liked a little more piquancy in the lyrics. Legs, though admittedly tantamount to human nature, seem to have gone out of fashion, and the *pas seul* with them. As for the concerted dances, they tend to sacrifice rhythm to intricacy. The dresses and the scenery show a closer study of harmony in line and colour, but the note of barbaric splendour is still too insistent and the eye is seldom allowed to rest.

I think perhaps the total sum of change is not for the worse. If the fun is less boisterous, and the house hardly ever rocks to its foundations, the level of humour is more equably sustained and there are very few intervals of absolute dullness. Now and then an inveterate wheeze occurred, such as that of the "whereabouts" that went to the wash, or the rather long story of the boots that disturbed the invalid in the flat below. On the other hand there was freshness in the duologues between Mr. GEORGE GRAVES and his fluttering heart. Of the two leading comedians he had much the harder task; but he went through it nobly. I judged,

however, of the strain that was put upon his invention by the number of times he removed and replaced his hats. I think it must have run to four figures.

MISS MARIE GEORGE had no particular chance, but she took what there was with her customary lightness of heart. I could have done with much more dog, for Mr. GEORGE ALI is very perfect in this character, and the way in which he went for a live cat that strolled on by the footlights proved how thoroughly he had divested himself of his last year's rôle in the service of *Dick Whittington*. But, as some critic has very properly pointed out, the dog has no *locus standi* in the story of *Aladdin*.

Finally, I know that if I had a spark of the right critical spirit in me, I should say that Miss TRULY SHATTUCK "made a superb *Prince Pekoe*," but I shan't. I have met many men—less superb, I grant—who could have looked much more like a Prince than she did. What remaining compliments I have at my disposal I shall assign to the joint authors of an entertaining book that was creditably free of vulgarity; to the painters of the Pekin scenes; to Mr. GLOVER for some bright music which never failed to get itself heard; and to whoever it was who thought of making real people bathe in a cinematographic seascape. O. S.

II.—"THE HOUSE OF TEMPERLEY."

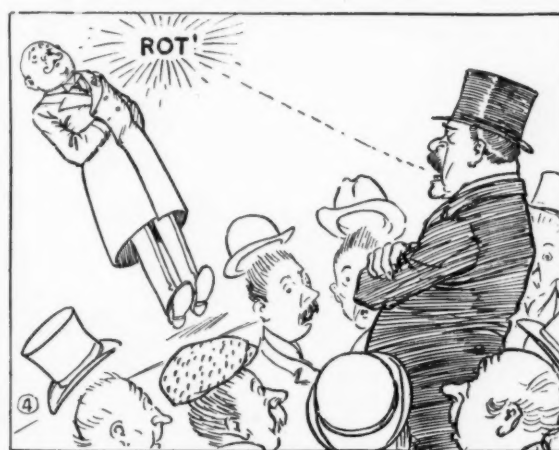
SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S Adelphi "melodrama of the Ring," in four rounds, must, I feel, be described in appropriate language. It deals with the great moral fight between *Sir Charles Temperley* and *Sir John Hawker*. The physical punching was done by others.

Round I.—Some preliminary sparring



Hawker

"Devil" Hawker, after having had the devil's own time before the Club Committee.
Sir John Hawker . . . MR. CHARLES ROOK.



HOW TO BE A HECKLER.

1 AND 2.—THE WRONG WAY.

3 AND 4.—THE RIGHT WAY.

makes it clear that the house of Temperley is in danger of falling, owing to the extravagance of its master, who has lost thousands at cards to *Devil Hawker*. Seconded by his mother, the *Temperley Pet* (Mr. BEN WEBSTER) makes up to his rich cousin, *Ethel*. His young brother, *Captain Jack*, is also staying at *Temperley Manor*, but on this occasion he draws a bye, for *Ethel* accepts *Sir Charles* in order to save the house. Immediately afterwards she discovers that her secret love for *Jack* is indeed returned. It is too late, however—she is affianced to another. They clinch and break away, *Ethel* fainting. *Jack* returns to his corner, having first extracted a promise from *Charles* that for the girl's sake he will give up cards and dice.

Round II.—*Devil Hawker* jumps into the ring. Will *Sir Charles* cut him at cards for a thousand guineas a cut? *Sir Charles* will. They begin, and *Sir John* is just getting in a very nasty upper cut

when *Jack* reminds his brother of his promise. The *Temperley Pet* apologises and side-steps. But it appears that *Sir John* has not been using a straight left by any means—in fact he has been marking the edges of the Kings when pretending to shuffle. One *Jakes*, a bookmaker, lands upon the mark, but agrees to be silent if paid sufficiently well. *Charles* takes the ring again and fixes up a sporting wager with his opponent—a fight between *Sir John's* nominee and his own. The claret is tapped and healths are drunk.

Round III.—*Sir John* again hits below the belt. He kidnaps *Charles's* man at the last moment. The fight will be off and *Charles* will have to pay forfeit. But no, brother *Jack* will take the absent one's place, and fight for glory and the House of *Temperley*. He does so with great success.

Round IV.—*Jakes* exposes *Devil Hawker*, who is counted out of the Club,

and throws up the sponge. *Sir Charles* then saves his brother's life at the expense of his own, in order that *Jack* should marry *Ethel*. Time!

That is the story of the play, but of course the great attractions are the two incidental fights—one with gloves, in the Second Act, and one without, in the Third. These are splendidly stage-managed, and should be seen by everybody. To the fighters, Messrs. CHARLES MAUDE, EDMUND GWENN, A. S. HOMEWOOD, and REGINALD DAVIS, I offer my congratulations—they were delightfully in earnest. Much of the acting by the men was very good, the principals being all that could be desired; while of the minor characters Mr. HOMEWOOD, in the last Act, as *The Duke of Broadwater* (he had previously been *Joe Berks*—what a life!), Mr. SPENCER TREVOR as *Jakes* and Mr. BASSETT ROE as *Tom Cribb*, were especially excellent. The women had not much show. M.

CHARIVARIA.

So many persons have found the giving of Christmas presents an almost untearable strain this year, owing to the badness of times, that a serious proposal has now been made that Christmas shall in future be kept only every other year.

Another Budget tragedy! Left for the night in a room at the Ritz Hotel, a Chow puppy worth £80 jumped through an open window and was found dead on the pavement in Piccadilly. It is supposed that the unfortunate creature had been worrying over the recent attacks on wealth and lived in constant fear of the dog licence being raised.

THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, it is rumoured, is about to issue an earnest appeal to his political opponents to sleep quietly in their beds on polling-day.

The *Daily Mail*, which is nothing if not up-to-date, published a letter in its first issue after Christmas entitled "British Interests in Turkey."

It has been suggested that a Mass Meeting of Humourists shall be held at an early date with a view to passing a Vote of Thanks to that distinguished mis-statesman, Mr. ÜRE, for his invaluable assistance in enabling them to eke out a precarious livelihood.

In sending 25,000 pennies to the Mayor of Stafford's fund for the local infirmary, Mr. W. MORTON PHILLIPS stated that he was unable to support either political party, and that his contribution represented what might have gone to election expenses. It is thought that this common sorrow may do something to draw Liberal and Unionist together and soften somewhat the asperities of the contest.

Dr. C. OK is in a quandary in regard to Mount McKinley. If he did not climb up, how can he climb down?

It is, of course, all right—only unfortunate. Commander PEARY has sold the British rights of his account of how he reached the North Pole to *Nash's Magazine*, the well-known all-fiction monthly.

The jig-saw or puzzle picture craze continues to spread. The latest development, as reported from America, strikes us as being a somewhat vulgar one. In certain circles the game is being played, according to our information, with real paintings, priceless canvases by VELASQUEZ, REMBRANDT, and

who ever sailed the seas. "St. Francis of Assisi a pirate?" protested the chairman. "I mean St. Francis Drake," said the objector. Yet to canonize DRAKE would have been a noble revenge, in kind.

The Guildford police arrested a man last week for being drunk while in charge of a hearse. Quite right. It doesn't look well.

"Thieves," says *The Express*, "succeeded in stealing £70 from a waiter who had received a legacy on the steps of a motor omnibus." Personally we have long realised this kind of danger, and for many years have arranged to receive our legacies elsewhere.

The heroic conduct of the clock in the tower on the Britannia Pier, Yarmouth, during the recent fire, is the talk of the neighbourhood. Although the flames were licking its face it continued coolly to tell the correct time until at last it fell, fainting, into the sea.

Burglars broke into the Eustace Miles Restaurant the other day, and took three bottles of temperance beer and £50. The proprietor of the restaurant and the police have, we hear, different theories as to the crime. The proprietor holds that the men broke in to obtain the temperance drink, and that the theft of the £50 was an afterthought.

Extract from *The Times*:—

"JULIAN.—On the 20th inst., at 'Cazenove,' Finsen-road, Hernehill, S.E., to Mr. and Mrs. J. JULIAN—son and daughter (twins)."

What, both of them!

The discovery of the British Astronomical Association that there are no canals in Mars will, it is thought, cause a

sensational rise in British canal shares, as it may be possible to do a deal with the planet.

From an account in *The Daily News* of one of Mr. F. E. SMITH's speeches:—

"Mr. Smith said that . . . conshrldu emfwyp shrdla emfwyp emfwypce."

A bold bid, this, for the Welsh vote.



THE PERPLEXED PATRIOT.

A sketch of an unhappy Elector who is most anxious to follow the advice of Lord Rosebery, to consider well his vote, and save his country, but is somewhat hampered by the following considerations.

He dislikes much of the Budget, yet hates Tariff Reform; is strongly in favour of a Second Chamber, yet is infuriated by the partisan action of the House of Lords in recent years; has great faith in Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, John Burns, and others of the Ministry, yet non-contributory Old Age Pensions and all pandering to the Extreme Labour Party make him dreadfully unwell; mistrusts Home Rule (when conceded to people with a record like that of the present Irish Party), yet realises the astounding success of Liberal Policy in South Africa.

Will some charitably disposed person kindly tell him how to save his country by his vote this month?

other old masters being cut up for the purpose. This gives one an idea of the astonishing wave of prosperity which is passing over the States just now.

San Francisco has been naming its new streets, and, according to a local paper which reaches us, a member of the Streets Commission objected to "St. Francis Boulevard" on the ground that it suggested one of the worst pirates



Maud (hiding from Visitor). "I SAY, NURSE, DO I LOOK AS IF I WASN'T HERE?"

MORE SECRET HISTORY.

(IN THE DARK AND KNOWING MANNER OF A REPUBLICAN CONTEMPORARY.)

CONSIDERABLE surprise was manifested in Bond Street one afternoon last week at the sight of two well-known leaders of Society arm-in-arm. The stages by which this degree of intimacy has been reached, after so long and fierce a feud, would make not the least piquant chapter in the History of the Upper Ten of our time.

* * * * *

Speculation is rife as to the name of the fortunate young lady to whom a famous American millionaire, not long since deceased, is said to have left property which, capitalised, should bring in not less than £10,000 a year. Whoever she may be—and we have our suspicions—she is to be congratulated; and from the sounds of happiness recently proceeding from a house not a hundred miles from Hyde Park Corner we should say that she too is conscious of her good fortune.

* * * * *

A question which has often been asked but never answered—and the

repetition of which would seem to be very distasteful to the official ear—is what has become of the statue of Lord Wigram which used to stand at the corner of Pulteney Place. One day it was there, and the next it had disappeared. It is significant that the removal occurred not very long after the publication of a notorious book of reminiscences of a scandalous type, in which Lord Wigram played no small part, and that the house in Pulteney Place nearest to the statue is inhabited by one of the straightest-laced of the leaders of Society.

* * * * *

The profusion of diamonds worn by a certain queen of musical comedy is a continual source of curiosity to many of her admirers who are unaware of the secret marriage that she recently contracted with an exalted personage of foreign extraction. Those who know, however, have nothing but felicitations to offer.

* * * * *

A recent advertisement in *The Times* emanating from an address in the West End, and announcing the loss of a black poodle, a reward being offered for his

return, may have worn to the casual eye an innocent enough air; but those who are in the know are smiling at the success of the ruse, especially when they read of the enormous haul which those responsible for the recent burglary at Foston Magna succeeded in making.

A PIOUS WISH.

[It is said that, though germs abound in books, only the person who moistens his fingers can take any harm therefrom.]

DEAR JACK, the book of ver- es

You borrowed yesteryear
Came back to-night by Parcel Post,
And I was grieved to find it most

Distinctly worse for wear.
On each white page there lingers

A blob of something dark
From your much-moistened fingers—
John Jones, his mess and mark.

And so it gives me pleasure
To think how folk affirm
That, when the turning finger-tips
Have previously sought the lips,
They gather up the germ.
No deadly germ I wish you;
May one of milder mould
Torment you with "a-tishoo."
I hope you have a cold.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In the Grip of the Nyika (MACMILLAN) is the name of Colonel PATTERSON's new diary of sporting adventures in East Africa, but it was really the Nyika that was in the grip of Colonel PATTERSON, so firmly does the gallant author seem to have grappled with the wilderness and its astounding fauna, to say nothing of the unruly members of his caravan. Life "on safari" in the Northern Game Reserve, for which Colonel PATTERSON set out to fix an official boundary on the East, may not differ very greatly from itself one day with another, but it does not make for monotony. With lions occurring at almost any moment, and with a constant stream of charging rhinos, nobody need be really dull in these parts; and should the more offensive beasts be engaged elsewhere there are always kongoni, or impala, or wildebeeste or eland or oryx or antelope to play with; or you may stalk JACKSON's hartebeeste, or COKE's; or GRANT's gazelle, or THOMPSON's; and without permission from the gentlemen responsible for their names. It is a thrilling tale, with modesty and a great simplicity for its only adornments. Coolness and courage were needed at every turn of the march, but Colonel PATTERSON is never conscious of his own possession of these qualities. And that is as it should be, for many of his readers are brave men too, who daily go on foot and unarmed amid the motor traffic of a London that has become a mere labyrinth of unprotected level crossings. Lions and other wild beasts offer a change, but not a great access, of peril. Indeed, Colonel PATTERSON tells how one of his travelling companions diverted the charge of a furious rhino by "shooing" her umbrella—her only weapon at the moment—right in the brute's face; a simple expedient often adopted, with less happy results, in the attempt to arrest the progress of a motor-bus.

If there is anyone whom the lavish display of agricultural produce in emigration office windows has failed to convince that Canada is a land flowing with milk and honey, he should read *Anne of Avonlea* (PITMAN), and learn that there is at least one settled portion of the Dominion where life runs as sweetly as maple sugar. *Anne*, of course, lives at Green Gables with *Marilla*, and if L. T. MONTGOMERY has not been able to make her quite so charming at "half past sixteen" as she was at eleven, her experiences as a school marm and as the mentor (if a girl can be a mentor) of *Dary* and *Dora* (*Marilla's* newly-adopted twins) are quite worthy to be compared with the days when she so unfortunately dyed her red tresses green. For *Dary* is a lineal descendant of that Western child-race that began with *Toddy* and *Budge*, and there are many other children at

Avonlea School whose quaintnesses, whether they behave as "limbs" or as budding laureates, are a mixture of distraction and joy to their elders. *Anne* herself retains, along with her old quality of romantic imagination, her no less charming liability to awkward and amusing scrapes, as, for instance, when she falls through the roof of an outhouse up to her arms, and (whilst waiting to be rescued) composes a "garden idyll." It will be seen also from the portrait on the cover that her hair has somehow gained that earnestly desired shade of auburn, and is no longer the "life-long sorrow" she announced it to be in her childhood, so that, all things considered, *Gilbert Blythe* will be congratulated as a very fortunate young man by anyone who is not too jealous.

In *The Humour of the Post Office* (ROUTLEDGE) ALBERT HYAMSON has collected some admirable tales of the vagaries of correspondents, the ingenuity required for their correction, and the accidents that sometimes happen in the best-regulated of all our State services.

The happiest instance of error occurred in a telegram sent by a doctor to the husband of a patient who had sustained a chill. It reached him in this form: "No danger, your wife has had a child. If we can keep her from having another to-night she will do well." One very humorous incident within my knowledge has escaped the chronicler—or perhaps he was too loyal to the service to report it: A letter was posted in a suburb of London at 8.10 P.M. on a Saturday. It lay, as usual, twenty-seven hours in the pillar-box without being touched. The ordinary night mails having been safely dispatched some three hours ago, it was



A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.

The Cheque Forger. "WELL, I'LL REGISTER A VOW THAT I'LL NOT FORGE ANOTHER CHEQUE FOR FIVE YEARS AT LEAST!"

then taken out and eventually travelled to its destination (sixty miles away) by an early morning train on the Monday—a Bank Holiday. As there is only one delivery on these festivals, and it arrived too late for that, it took a further rest of some twenty-three hours in the local Post Office, and was ultimately delivered on the Tuesday morning sixty hours after it had been posted, its transit having been conducted at the precise rate of one mile per hour. This incident repeats itself every Bank Holiday-time, and the humour of it is by now not so good as it was at first. (Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON—or his successor—please note.)

Paul among the Poets.

From a theatrical poster exhibited at Montreal:

"'RICHARD III.,' par Paul Cazeneuve, auteur et adaptateur de 'Hamlet,' 'Romeo et Juliette,' etc."

"Dont's" for Snakes.

Afterthought of a correspondent to *The Barrhead News*:—

"P.S.—The insidious snake of Fair Trade should not wag the cloven hoof of Protection in the air."